# Healing Wounds: Navigating the Pain After Treatment in 2013.

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After the operation, I found myself struggling to remember how to sit properly. For almost a week, I couldn't sit at all, and when I tried to do so without proper balance, I slipped and had a frightening experience. There was no noticeable change in my condition, and I didn't feel any different. It felt like the money spent on the operation was wasted.

Following the operation for my spinal injury, I suffered from severe side effects of the anesthesia, including a severe headache and vomiting. This operation would be the first and last one I had for my spinal injury. However, in seventh grade, I developed a deep and severe bed sore, marking my second operation in addition to my spine injury.

I was admitted to the local hospital, SBS, which was a rarity for us as we usually sought treatment elsewhere. Each day, I had to undergo dressing of the wound for nearly a month. The expenses, including the cost of an auto charger and the daily trips to the hospital, caused worry and concern for both me and my parents.

Unfortunately, there was no improvement in my condition, so the doctor decided to pursue plastic surgery to treat the bed sore. I was then admitted for a month-long treatment involving antibiotics, tablets, and medication that made me feel even sicker. It was challenging to spend such a long time in the hospital, considering it wasn't a severe injury. The treatment process itself was excruciating, and being confined to a lying position and taking the medication made me sleep most of the time. My doctor, Dr. Balasubramaniam, held a strong disdain for missing school, and he insisted that my parents buy schoolbooks for me and forced me to study even while at the hospital. He even suggested that I should consider a career in medicine, and he would quiz me on various topics, including those from my school books. This added additional stress and discomfort during my hospital stay. I tried reading the Bible to divert my attention, but even then, the doctor would question me about it.

Injections were a source of great fear for me, and I would scream and cry in agony when I had to receive them. Due to the bed sores, I often experienced infections and had daily fevers. Along with antibiotics for the fever, I required additional injections. My arms were so weak that I couldn't even raise them, and I could feel the medicine moving through my nervous system. Each injection, especially the one for the antibiotic, felt as painful as a scorpion sting.